SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Last year the Methodist Book Concern made a net profit of $70,000 on a book and periodical business of $800,000.

—Don J. A. Nunez, the Chilian Commissioner of Education, is studying the school and university systems of Boston and her neighborhood.

—It is said that the present supply of elementary teachers in England is very far in excess of the demand, and in consequence salaries have been seriously reduced.

—Rev. J. Munro Gibson, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of Chicago for six years, has resigned and will go to St. John's Wood Church, London, on a salary of £1,200 per annum.

—The Rev. Dr. Wm. M. Taylor, of New York, will sail on June 2 with most of his family for Europe. His congregation have voted him four months' leave of absence, and also a gift of $2,500 to meet some of the expenses of his journey.

—During the 178 years of its existence, the Congregational Church of Madison, Conn., has had only six pastors, none of whom ever left the church after being settled over it until death took them away. In the village of Over, England, the Congregational minister who recently died had been sixty years in the service of the same church. This church was his first as well as his only charge. He was buried under the shadows of some tall poplar trees which he planted fifty years ago. John Marshall was this faithful and contented pastor's name.

—The Bible and Prayer Union is an institution organized in London, in January, 1876, under the following rules: 1. Each member to read one and the same chapter daily, asking God's blessing upon the word read. 2. Each member to pray every Sunday morning for all the members. The Union began with a membership of fifty, which in four years has increased to more than 90,000, with branches in Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Sweden, Greece, the Turkish Empire, the South Sea Islands (using cards printed in the languages of these countries), besides members of the parent organization in all parts of Great Britain and Ireland, in North and South America, India, China, etc.

—The opinion is growing among teachers, says the *Youth's Companion*, that it is not good to offer medals and rewards for proficiency in study. It was found some years ago that the Franklin medal did more harm than good to the boys of the Boston Latin School, and it is no longer given. A few ambitious boys half-killed themselves in their efforts to win it, while the great mass of pupils despaired from the first, and made no attempt. Something similar has occurred in Lowell, where Mr. Carney left a sum of money to provide medals for competition in the High School. The strife for these medals caused over-exertion in a few, jealousy and heart-burning in more, and rendered the idle scholars even more languid and indifferent than they were before. The school committee has wisely abolished the edmals.

Historical Facts Regarding Paper.

In ancient times, when comparatively few people could read, pictures of every kind were much in use where writing would now be employed. Every shop, for instance, had its sign, as well as every public house, and those signs were not then, as they are often now, only painted upon a board, but were invariably actual models of the things which the sign expressed—as we still occasionally see such signs as a beehive, a tea canister or a doll, and the like. For the same reason printers employed some device, which they put upon the title-pages and at the end of their books. And paper makers also introduced marks by way of distinguishing the paper of their manufacture from that of others; which marks, becoming common, naturally gave their names to different sorts of paper. A favorite paper mark between 1540 and 1560 was the jug or pot, and would appear to have originated the term "pot" paper. The foolscap was a later device and does not appear to have been nearly of such long continuance as the former. It has given place to the figure of Britannia, or that of a lion rampant supporting the cap of liberty on a pole. The name, however, has continued, and we still denominate paper of a particular size by the title of "foolscap." Post paper seems to have derived its name from the post horn, which at one time was its distinguished mark. It does not appear to have been used prior to the establishment of the General Post-office (1670), when it became a custom to blow a horn, to which circumstance, no doubt, we may attribute its introduction. Bath post is so named after that fashionable city. Every kind of paper is known to the stationer by its name—quarto post, 8vo post, foolscap, etc. The term foolscap to designate a certain kind of paper no doubt has puzzled many. The origin is not only amusing but historical. Charles I. of England granted numerous monopolies for the support of the Government. Among other things was the manufacture of paper. The water-mark of the finest sort was the royal arms of England. The consumption of this article was great at this time, and large fortunes were made by those who had purchased the exclusive right to vend it. This, among other monopolies, was set aside by the Parliament that brought Charles I. to the scaffold, and by way of showing their contempt for the kingthey ordered the royal arms to be taken from the paper and a fool with his cap and bells to be substituted. It is now over 200 years since the foolscap and bells were taken from the paper, but still the paper of the size which the Rump Parliament ordered for their journals bears the name of the water marks then ordered as an indignity to Charles. An English paper says: "The practice of bluing the paper pulp had its origin in a singular accident. It occurred about the year 1790, at a paper mill belonging to Mr. Buttonshaw, whose wife, on the occasion in question, was superintending the washing of some linen, when accidentally she dropped her bag of powdered blue into the midst of some pulp, in a forward state of preparation, and so great was the fear she entertained of the mischief she had done, seeing the blue rapidly amalgamated with the pulp, that allusion to it was studiously avoided, until, on Mr. Buttonshaw's inquiring in great astonishment what it was that had imparted the peculiar color to the pulp, his wife, perceiving that no great damage had been done, took courage and at once disclosed the secret, for which she was afterwards rewarded in a remarkable manner by her husband, who, being naturally pleased with an advance of so much as four shillings per bundle upon submitting the 'improved' make to the London market, immediately presented a costly scarlet cloak (somewhat more congenial to taste in those days, it is presumed, than it would be now), with much satisfaction to the sharer of his joys." The fashion of writing on black bordered paper is about 130 years old, and comes to us from Italy. In "Mann and Manners at the Court of Florence (1740-1786)" Mann writes to Walpole on January 28, 1745, on paper with a narrow mourning border, as follows: "I believe you never saw anything like it before; here everybody uses it but myself. I begged a sheet for this occasion only and another to keep it as a curiosity. Mme. Royale was very impolite to die just at the beginning of Carnival, to deprive us of all our diversions." Mme. Royale was the mother of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. It is difficult to say when paper was first ruled. The monks of the middle ages carefully ruled their paper before they transcribed the manuscripts which handed down the classics to us. There are earlier traces of ruling; in fact, in a different sense from its usual acceptation, the Latin proverb, "Nulla dies sine linea," is true. Ruling machines were invented in Kingston, Canada, about twenty-five or thirty years ago.

Putting John In.

The trial of an artist who undertakes to paint a picture "to order" are many and vexatious. It is related of a well-known portrait painter that he received an order to paint a "family group." The family was large and the happy head of it wanted them all included. After many consultations and weary interviews as to sittings, dress, accessories and other details, the order was finally given and the artist breathed freer, but hardly had he ordered the canvas before paterfamilias arrived breathless at the studio, and announced that he had forgot all about John."

"Well," said the weary artist, "and who is John?"

"My son John," said the patron, "as went to the war, I want him put in the picture."

The artist proposed that John be sent to the studio for a sitting, to which the patron of the arts responded, "Well, I forgot to tell you John's dead." Despite the gravity of the information, the painter smiled and asked the father to bring him a photograph or anything that would give him an idea of the lost son's personal appearance. "John's" parent scratched his head and said he would go home and consult "Mother."

Before the artist had lighted his after-breakfast cigarette the next morning, the fond father made his appearance accompanied by a big bundle, which being unrolled, displayed to the astonished eyes of the artist an old pair of blue trousers.

"Mother said she couldn't find no photograph nor nothin' of John," said the perplexed parent, "but she run agin his old army pants and thought they might give you an idea, and you could put John in uniform."—*Boston Journal of Commerce.*

The Alphabet.

The Greeks themselves believed that the old Phœnician colony in Bœostian Thebes was the source and center from which the alphabet was spread throughout the country. Kadmus, "the Eastern," for such is the meaning of his name, was its mythical inventor, though later legends told how the crafty Palamedes and the poet Simonides subsequently added fresh letters. But these legends are all the fables of the literary age; the kernel of truth they contain is the fact that the Greek alphabet came from Phœnicia. It is a fact, indeed, to which the word "alphabet" itself bears witness: "alphabet," or "alpha," "beta," the two first letters of the alphabet, are both, as we have seen, Phœnician words. * * * Like the Phœnicians before them, the Greeks repaid the benefit they had received by handing on their alphabet to nations still further West. The Greek colonies in Sicily and Southern Italy, being mostly of Doric descent, brought with them the Doric alphabet, and accordingly the natives of Southern Italy, when they first began to write, used the Doric alphabet of their Greek neighbors. Hence it is that the Latins and ourselves after them attach a tail to the letter R, which was wanting in the old alphabet of Phœnicia; hence, too, we have inherited from the Romans the letter Q, which had been lost in all the Greek alphabets, except that of Dorian origin. On the other hand the Etruscans, that mysterious people of Northern Italy, who exercised so profound an influence upon the infant civilization of Rome, learned the art of molding and decorating vases from the potters of Athens, and since, the latter were in the habit of inscribing the names of the gods and heroes they depicted above the representations of them, the Etruscans learned at the same time the old Attic or Ionic alphabet. We need only place the alphabets of Etruria and Athens side by side to be convinced of this fact. R, for instance, is represented in both by the tailless P; we look in vain in both for a Q, and the two distinct symbols that once stood for the gutterals c and k are amalgamated into one. Alphabets, like words, if rightly questioned, can be made to tell their own history as well as that of the people who employed them.—*Professor Sayce's Lecture in Nature.*

—Miss Hill sued Mr. Harrison, at Saybrook, Conn., for $10,000, because he failed to keep his promise of marriage. She testified that she was twenty-one years old, and he sixty-three. She loved him, she said, notwithstanding the difference in their ages, though she was greatly shocked when she learned how old he really was. She supposed him to be about forty, until he took off a black, curly wig, and showed a small remnant of gray hair. She fainted at the sight, but afterward became reconciled to him. Then he in turn grew cold.

How Little Girls Are Taught Housekeeping.

In the kindergarten school of Pittsburgh, Pa., the children are taught to lay the table for breakfast. Little toy tables and toy dishes are used. "What do we place on the table next?" asks the teacher. "Napkins," reply the pupils. "What are napkins for?" "To wipe our mouths and fingers, and keep our dresses neat." Having learned this lesson, the pupils are taught to place the napkins, then to place the plates, which "must always be warmed," then the milk pitcher, water pitcher, sugar bowl, tray bowl. "What is a tray bowl for?" "To pour the dregs of the cups into." Then the coffee pot and other articles are arranged, and the pupils arise and repeat the lesson together, pointing to each article as they name it. "These are little breakfast tables. This is the coffee pot; it should be scalded before the coffee is put in. This is the sugar bowl; it should be filled when taken from the table. These are the knives. This is the fork; we eat with the fork. These are the breakfast plates; they should always be warm," and so on with the whole. Then comes a song which the children sing together:

"When I was very little, I used to sit and think
How hard my mother had to work, until my heart would sink.
I tried to help her, as I could, but always did it wrong,
That always made the matter worse and her own work so long.
So then I went to school,
So then I went to school,
And there we learned exactly right,
For we were taught by rule."

The dishes are cleared away by rule, and a toy dish-pan is placed before each little housemaid. The players wash the dishes and rinse them, singing meanwhile:

"Washing dishes,
Suds are hot,
Work away briskly,
Do not stop.
"First the glasses;
Wash them well;
If you do them nicely,
All can tell."

N. Y. Evening Post.

How To Buy a Horse.

Look at him standing quietly in his stable, to see he has no trick like that of putting one hind foot over the other. In doing this he often cuts the fore part of his hind foot with the sharp calks of his shoe, thus making him lame perhaps for months. When brought out do not allow him to be jockeyed in his paces. Take your stand on one side of the road and let him walk naturally and quietly by, then turn and walk by, showing his other side. Now stand behind and have him walk off in front of you and from you; then turn and walk toward you. Observe if he goes freely and easily and plants his hind feet in the tracks of his fore feet. Next, have him trotted by you, and back and forth, watching his action closely.

Now look at his eyes and make a motion with your hand toward them, as if you intended to strike. If he winks quickly, or draws the head back, the vision may be depended on generally as good, and no blindness in him. The eyes should be moderately prominent. Sunken eyes are apt to get blind as the horse grows old and often characterize a vicious temper. Examine the teeth and see that they are sound, strongly set and even. Look at his fore legs and notice if he has strong knee joints, and that they are not sprung. Examine the hind legs closely above and below the hocks for any swellings, and especially for curbs and spavins. Now look at all the pastern joints and see if clear of cuts from interfering, or if there are any scars on them in consequence of this. The pasterns should be rather short for a carriage-horse, and not much sloping. If the latter, and long and elastic, they are apt to give out at a hard pull. In a race-horse such pasterns are less objectionable. In a heavy draft animal they are unpardonable.

The teet are often passed over, but a thorough examination of these is of the utmost importance. They should be reasonably large, the hoofs clear and tough, free from cracks, not shelly, and well set up at the heels, otherwise they will soon wear down on pavements or hard roads, and the horse becomes footsore. If always to be kept in the country to work on a farm or dirt roods low heels are not so objectionable; lastly, regard the inside of the hoofs and see that they are free from corns, and that there is a good-sized frog to soften the jar to the leg when the foot stamps on the ground.

A pony-built horse is the best for working in harness, while a more rangy-bodied one, with longer legs may be preferable for the saddle, but these should not be so long as to be liable to weakness. The legs, from the hocks and knees down, in all horses should be rather short than long.

If the tail lifts hard and stiff it is usually an evidence of a strong back and quarters. If it lifts quite limber and easily the reverse is apt to be the case.

As to the age this is readily told by the teeth till seven years old, unless they are "bishoped." It is usual for jockeys to call a horse eight when he is all the way from ten to twenty; but an adept can give a pretty shrewd guess as to this, for after ten years old the eyes begin to sink, gray hairs come into the head, and there is a want of youthful look and vivacity.

After all, there is a great risk in buying a horse, even from an owner who is truthful and honestly disposed to speak of his failings; for in many cases he is really ignorant of what these are or of incipient diseases which may be lurking in the system at the time of sale. As for the tricks of jockeys in hiding the age, faults, and covering up diseases, they are past finding out; and when they trade with each other even, the very smartest and most knowing one gets cheated easily by one much more skillful than himself in showing off a horse. It is only after using a horse for months that pretty much all that there is in him can be found out, and we have known unexpected faults and vices to turn up after possessing one for years.

In the city stables so many horses are kept under the same roof, and there is such a want of proper ventilation that "pink eye" and the "horse distemper" are often prevalent there, or if not shown at the time of purchase, these break out soon after. It is safest to buy a horse immediately upon his arrival in town, before he has a chance to get diseased, and before the sellers have time to "slick him up." Never mind a dirty coat and rough looks; you can clean the former and smooth the latter without risk to the animal as soon as you get home, and after this he will probably show twenty-five to fifty per cent. better than when you bought him. One rather thin in flesh is safer to buy than when fat, for this covers bad points, and when worn down somewhat a rather fine-appearing horse turns out to be very common-looking.—*Rural New Yorker.*

The Apple-Tree Borer.

Even where the borer is common but comparatively few understand its history. The perfect insect of the apple tree borer is one of the long-horned beetles; it is about three-quarters of an inch long, and has a pair of feelers more than half as long as itself; its body is brown, with two broad, nearly white stripes, hence it is called the two-striped superda. The beetle is seldom seen, as it is dormant by day but flies and works at night. The insects begin to appear this month, and next month the female lays her eggs on the bark near the ground. The young grubs soon bore through the bark, and enter the tree, where they live upon the sap wood, just beneath the bark, forming a cell or excavation the size of half a dollar. It lives, eats and grows here for about a year; then, having stronger jaws it in the second summer bores upward toward the center of the tree, making a hole three or four inches long, which it then curves outward until its upper end reaches the bark again and, at the beginning of the third winter, it makes a bed and rests, in the next spring, becoming a pupa, and soon after changing to a beetle which bores an exactly round hole through the bark at the upper end of its gallery, and comes out into the world to lay eggs to produce more borers. This is the life history of the insect. Any "remedy" must be of a kind to keep the young borer out, or to kill it after it is in. Soap is found to keep off the parent insect. The base of the tree is kept clear of weeds and the lower part of the trunk is rubbed with soap; the application is repeated during June if washed off by rains. Young orchards are to be examined late in July or early in August. Weeds, trash, and about an inch of soil are removed from around the base of the tree. The bark is carefully examined, if chips are found, or the bark looks dead and dark, cut into it with a sharp knife and cut the borer out. If the insect has bored upward, it is to be followed by a wire; a piece of whale-bone, or a twig, and killed.—*American Agriculturist.*

Corn For Green Fodder.

It is of common occurrence in this vicinity to have a midsummer drouth, and consequently a period of scant feed for all farm stock, where grass alone is relied on, during the months of July and August, and frequently in September also; and all good farmers have for the past few years been experimenting with the different varieties of food recommended, such as rye, oats, clover and corn, each having its advocates as being the best for the purpose of furnishing green feed for dairy stock. While some farmers grow them all, others cultivate only corn for that purpose. I have cultivated both corn and grass, but have given the most attention to corn. Corn for fodder is commonly sown broadcast. I have found the drill system most satisfactory. But care must be taken not to sow too thick. In regard to varieties of corn to cultivate for feeding purposes in its green state, I have selected three varieties of sweet-corn as best suited for this purpose, viz.: Early Minnesota, Moore's Early Concord and Evergreen, these varieties following each other in succession, and furnishing the best of feed in their season. The Early Minnesota comes into feeding the earliest. It will not yield as much fodder per acre as either of the others but is an excellent early sort for the first feeding. My rule is to begin to feed as soon as the ears are fit for boiling for green corn, which will be in this latitude about the last of July, and to begin with a light ration and increase it to a full feed. It usually takes about a week to get the animals accustomed to their feed; then they can be fed all they will eat up clean, and this may continue during the period of drouth, or if desirable till winter. If we have more than we want to feed green, it is cut and put in shock to be fed out as wanted. We cut and shock before the ears get hard, and by so doing we think we get the best of feed for all farm stock that we have ever grown. For calves and horses it is cut with a feed-cutter, and is all eaten clean, stalks as well as ears.

After experimenting for years, I prefer to feed green fodder late in the day, say from three to five or six o'clock for the reason that cows when fed in the morning will not care to graze so industriously as those not fed. By omitting to feed in the morning they will get a portion of their feed from the pasture, and then if fed green feed in a clean manger they will eat a very liberal allowance from three to six o'clock. They are then milked and turned into their night pasture, where they soon lie down to rest and ruminate, while digestion is converting their feed into milk and flesh for future profits to their owners. —*J. Talcott, in Examiner and Chronicle.*

The Child's Gift of Imagination.

"Into the life of every child," says a recent essayist, no "matter in what class of life it is found, imagination enters with all the freshness and beauty of a pure spring of water. Their games and sports take them into some mysterious dreamland of delight; their play is fully charged with fancy, and to 'make believe' that they seem to be what they are not comes as a comfort to the imprisoned children of our crowded cities. They have no sands on which to build their castles, and their little feet are seldom freshened with the salt of the ocean's waves; they can only live in grassy meadows and flowered woodlands when they get a passing peep at a picture shop; the din of the city and its wheels is forever in their ears; but the servitude of unromance to which they are born does not dull or deaden sweet Nature's gift of imagination which makes mimic soldiers and sailors of the children whose playground is the pavement, and whose toys are but too often the refuse of the streets."

For Young Readers.

PUSSY'S LESSON.

Now, Pussy, I want your attention,
I've something important to say
To you, that I want you to mention,
You know, just by way of prevention,
To the kittens about their play.

Now listen to what I am saying,
Pussy cat, and remember my words.
(You look as if you were weighing
Them well.) I kill of your playing,
You must not play with the birds!

Last summer (I don't mean to scold you;
I know it won't happen again)—
Last summer, you know what I told you,
(If you don't keep still, I shall hold you),
When you killed the poor little wren?

Don't you think it is rather damp weather
For Bob to play under the gate?)
What's that in your mouth, Puss, a feather?
Oh! deary, I do wonder whether
I'm speaking a little too late.

—*George Morris Stroud, in N. Y. Independent.*

SIM VEDDER'S KITE.

The kite fever visited Hagarstown every year, and caught all the boys over five before it subsided. It generally crept in slowly, a boy and a kite at a time; but this year it came as if a big wind brought it.

Yesterday there had been three kites up at one time in the main street, and Squire Jones' pony had been scared into a canter. The Squire and Mrs. Jones, and the three Misses Jones, and Aunt Hephzibah had all been in the carry-all at the time, and they had all screamed when the pony began to canter. So the Squire had told the boys he "could not have any more of that dangerous nonsense in the streets," and they had all come out to Dr. Gay's pasture, on the side-hill, to-day, and they had eight kites among them.

"Sim Vedder's coming, boys," said Parley Hooker. "He's been making a kite."

"He?" exclaimed Joe Myers. "He's a grown-up man. What does he know about kites?"

"There he comes now, anyway."

They all turned toward the bars and looked, for not one of them had sent up his kite yet.

"Oh, what a kite!"

"It's as tall as he is."

"No, it isn't. He's carrying it on his shoulder."

"It's just an awful kite."

Sim Vedder was the man who worked for Dr. Gay, and he was as thin as a fence rail. So was his face, and his hooked nose had a queer twist in it half way to the point.

He was coming with what looked like an enormous kite trying all the while to get away from him.

All the boys wanted to ask questions, but they didn't know exactly what to ask, so they kept still.

"Kiting, are you? Well, just you let me look at your kites, and then you may look at mine. One at a time, now. Keep back. Make that kite yourself, Parley?"

"Yes, I made it."

"Had plenty of wood around your house, I guess. Your sticks are bigger than mine, and your kite is only two feet high, and mine's five. Look at it."

He turned the back of his kite toward them as he spoke, and they saw that the frame-work of it was made of a number of very slender slips of what looked like ash or hickory wood.

"Mine's made of pine," said Parley. "And yours'll break, too."

"No, it won't. Well, maybe yours'll fly. Set it agoing. There's plenty of wind."

Parley obeyed, and, mainly because there was, indeed, a good deal of wind, his heavy-made kite began to go up.

"Joe," said Sim Vedder, "hand me that kite of yours."

"Mine's a di'mond. I don't know how to make any other."

"Do you suppose it'll stand steady, with those forebands so close together? No, it won't. Up with it, and see how it'll wiggle. Bob Jones, is that yours?"

The third kite was meekly handed to him, for the more the boys stared at Sim's big kite, the more they believed he knew what he was talking about.

"It isn't a bad kite, but those forebands are crossed too low. It'll dive all over."

"There's plenty of tail, Sim. It can't dive."

"Tail!—and a bunch of May-weed at the end of it! How's a kite of that size to lift it all? I'll show you," replied Sim.

He was unfastening the forebands as he spoke, and now he crossed them again over his little finger, and moved them along till the kite swung under them, almost level.

"That'll do. Now I'll tie 'em hard, and you can cut off your May-weed. There'll be tail enough without it. When I was in China --"

"Was you ever in China?"

"Yes, I was. That was when I was a sailor. I saw kites enough there. They spend money on 'em, just as we do on horses: make 'em of all shapes and sizes. Don't need any tails."

"Kites without tails?"

"Well, some of 'em have, and some of 'em haven't. It's a knack in the making of 'em. I've seen one like a dragon, and another like a big snake, and they floated perfectly. Only a thin silk string, either."

"String's got to be strong enough to hold a kite," said Parley Hooker. "Look at yours."

"Yes, mine's strong; it's made of fine hemp. But it isn't any heavier than yours. What do you want of a rope with a kite of that size?"

"It isn't a rope."

"It's too heavy, though. Besides, you've tied pieces together with big knots in them. You can't send up any travelers."

"What's that?"

"I'll show you. Some call 'em messengers."

Just then Parley exclaimed, "Sim! Sim! mine's broke! it's coming down!"

"Broke right in the middle, where you notched your big sticks together."

"Just where it needs to be strongest," said Joe, knowingly.

"No, it doesn't look at mine."

It was the biggest kite they had ever seen, and it came down square at the bottom; but it was not a great deal wider than Parley's. The curious part of it was the cross-sticks and forebands. What did he need of so many?

"So many?" said Sim. "Why, the bands take the strain of the wind. If you put it all on the sticks, they'd bend or break. Don't you see? There's a bow tied every two inches, and they all come together out here in the center knot. It just balances on that."

"Your tail's a light one."

"It's long enough, and it spreads enough to catch the wind. It isn't the mere weight you want in a tail, if your kite's balanced. The wind blows against the tail as hard as anywhere else."

"Won't yours ever dive?"

"Of course it will, with a cross puff of wind; but it 'll come right up again. That won't happen very often. I'll send her up. You wait and see."

The other kites were all up now, except Parley's broken one, and most of them were cutting queer antics, because, as Sim explained, their forebands were tied wrong, and their tails "did not fit them."

"The Chinese could teach us. But, the way we make kites, there's as much in the tail as in anything else."

"Oh, but our kites are covered with paper, and you've put some old silk on yours."

"Of course I have. It isn't much heavier. The Chinese use thin paper that's as good as silk. It won't wet through."

"Wet? Oh, Sim, it looks as if a storm is coming now."

So it did, and Sim's big kite was going up, up, up very fast, and he was letting the strong brown string run rapidly off from a sort of reel he held in his hand.

"Pull in your kites, boys," shouted Parley. "Let's cut for home."

"I want to see Sim fly his."

"You all pull in yours, and we'll go into the cattle shed. It's only a shower. I can fly mine from the door."

The shed was close at hand, and the door was a wide one. In three minutes more, just as the first drops came down, there was quite a crowd of boys behind Sim, as he stood a little inside, and watched his kite. His reel was almost empty now, and the big kite looked a good deal smaller than when it started.

"How steady it is!"

"It pulls hard, though."

"There comes the rain."

"Thunder and lightning too."

Sim had fastened his wooden reel against the door-post, on a hook that was there, but he kept his hand on the string.

"I declare, boys! Feel of that! The string's wet, and it's making a lightning-rod of itself."

Parley, and Joe and Bob, and two or three others, felt of it at once.

"Lightning? Why, Sim," said Bob, "I know better than that. I've had an electric shock before."

"That's all it is," said Parley.

"Well," replied Sim, "didn't you ever hear of Dr. Franklin? We're doing just what he did. He discovered electricity with a kite. A wet kite string was the first lightning-rod there ever was in the world."

"Lightning?" exclaimed Bob. "Don't you bring any in here. I won't touch it again."

"Did lightning ever strike anybody when he was flying a kite?" asked Joe.

"Not that I ever heard of," said Sim. "But it's beginning to pour hard. I'll reel in my kite till the storm's over."

He unhooked his reel as he spoke, but it was well he took a good strong hold of it. The wind must have been blowing a gale up where the kite was, and the string was a very strong one for its size.

"I declare! Why—"

But the next the boys knew, Sim Vedder was out in the rain, with that kite tugging at him. He would not let go, and he could not stop himself, and the sloping pasture before him was all down hill. On he went, faster and faster, till his foot slipped, and down he went full length. He held on, though, like a good fellow, and there he lay in the wet grass, with the rain pouring upon him, tugging his best at his big kite.

The wind lulled a little, and Sim began to work his reel. Slowly at first, then faster; and about the time the rain stopped, the wind almost died out, and the wonderful kite came in.

"There isn't a stick of it broken," said Sim, triumphantly, "nor a foreband. That's because they were made right, and put on so they all help each other."

"Oh, but ain't you wet!" exclaimed three or four boys at once.

Well, yes; he was, indeed, very wet. —*W. O. Stoddard, in Harper's Young People.*

A Demonstration of Curved Pitching.

The question of curved pitching has attracted the attention of scientific and philosophical gentlemen for the past two years, and there have been those who stoutly affirmed that it was an utter impossibility for a pitcher to curve the sphere in the manner so often described in the reports of ball games. A special committee of the Providence Franklin Society, appointed to investigate the question in relation to alleged curves in balls thrown by skillful hands, made a report to the society at a recent meeting to the effect "that after three stakes were placed in a direct line, at a distance of about thirty feet apart, the ball was thrown by a person standing behind the first stake in such a manner that it passed to the right of the first, to the left of the second and to the right of the third. The ball was then so thrown that it passed to the left side of the first stake, the right of the second and the left of the third, thus demonstrating the fact that the pitcher has the power to cause the ball to curve to the right or left at pleasure." The committee give a scientific explanation of the curvilinear motion. The society should receive the thanks of the fraternity hereabouts for thus intelligently solving the mystery, and amateur ball-tossers can begin to practice at once with a fair prospect of success if the rules are followed.—*Providence (R. I.) Journal.*

—The Directors of the Connecticut River Railroad have passed an order instructing the Superintendent "to summarily dismiss any employe on any train who is known to use intoxicating liquors while on duty, or who is known to have been intoxicated while on duty," and similar rules are now carried out on a large per cent. of New England roads.

BICYCLING is now the favorite pastime with Detroit's young bloods.